

AN IROQUOIS WIGWAM

ONE OF THE ATTRACTIONS AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

The Six Nations Represented in True Aboriginal Style—The Civilized Trophies of Today—A Practical Exposition of Life Saving on the Lake Front.

The Empire State did a great thing when she added the Iroquois village to the ethnological exhibit at the World's fair and charged herself with the maintenance of the representatives of the Six Nations whom she sent. It is a pity that the Iroquois and customs of their fathers in the time of Columbus. The village is down on the shore of the south pond, near the Forestry building, and its wigwams of birch bark roofed with elm, its council house and its storerooms are faithful reproductions of the primitive structures of 650 years ago.

The Indians, too, of whom there are about 25, are dressed as their ancestors dressed—in buckskin garments, heavy with fringes and worn with sinews of the deer. Each of the famous Six Nations has sent representatives. Senecas, Oneidas, Cayugas, Onondagas, Mohawks and Tuscaroras meet for powwows in the council house, as their ancestors did, though they do not conduct their deliberations in the language of their forefathers. A doll of the Iroquois is seen in the fact that they can communicate with each other in their native dialects, but are compelled to use English.

The Indians are most of them aristocrats in their tribes and collectively represent the best blood of the Iroquois. Red



LODGE OF THE SIX NATIONS.

Jack, for instance, is a direct descendant of the famous Red Jacket, who was used to illustrate our school readers, while Chief Lapeere comes of a family that has been famous for centuries among his people, and the doubly suggestive appellation of Solomon O'Brien comes from the son of old Chief Cornplanter, who was a friend of George Washington. Chief Jack of the Tuscaroras, the secretary of the Iroquois, is here, and also one of the champion runners of the world, Dorfoot, who raced in England years ago, and whose record for an hour has never been beaten.

The present civilization of the Six Nations is very much the same as that of the rest of the people in the world. They have houses and schools like those of their white brethren, and many of them attend Christian churches of their own building. Some of them still retain their primitive religion, however, and a number of the old ceremonies, games and dances still survive, and the visitor may witness in the World's fair village the appeal to the Great Spirit, the joyous festival ceremonial or the grim war dance performed with the same fidelity to history that characterizes the material features of the place.

The Indians excel in the manufacture of pottery, baskets and beaded embroideries and are justifiably proud of their skill. They make much out of corn husks that seem good for nothing to us, and their fans and embroideries display considerable artistic taste. They are allowed to sell their wares, and their method of business seems peculiar to people who have had experience with other dealers in souvenirs and curios. They are staid and do not haggle. They state their price and are apparently indifferent whether you take an article or leave it.

To the ethnologist the village presents some rare food for reflection, and it is to be found not only in the relics, customs and ancient history, but also in the fact that the Iroquois are the only Indians who have come in close contact with civilization who are numerically stronger today than they were in the days when they possessed the land.

The exhibitions of the United States life saving service are especially interesting to inland people. Those who live on seacoasts have opportunities enough to familiarize themselves with the maneuvers, though of course there are thousands of them, too, who know nothing of the service but what they read. The exhibitions are given on the shores of the lake just off the north end of the Manufacture building and are valuable illustrations of the work and worth of the service, though they lack the impressive accompaniments of hurricane winds and mountainous waves.

A mast is rigged up about 800 yards from shore to do duty as a wreck, and a man perched in the crossbeams is the person to be saved. The lifeboat, mounted on wheels, is hurriedly drawn down the beach, hastily launched and quickly rowed out to the mast and back again. In illustrating the use of the life line a small brass mortar is used. A bomb from this carries out a line that drops across the yardarm of the mast. The shipwrecked man pulls on this, and with it draws out a big rope, which he fastens to the mast. Those on shore then tighten it up and send out the "breeches buoy," which is something like a pair of buttoned canvas trousers, mounted on a hoop, and in this the man is hoisted ashore.



LIFE SAVING DRILL.

Skulls, scorpions, tarantulas, rattlesnakes, horned toads and Gila monsters are not usually considered humorous things, but it is hard to avoid smiling at them when they are seen among the curios of the dead letter office in the postoffice exhibit. They are certainly the oddest kind of dead mail matter, though not the only dead things in the exhibit, which includes a team of stuffed dogs that used to haul mail in upper Michigan to the winter. They are dressed to death in a toboggan, and beside them is a wax figure of the Indian who drove them away in a heavy wooden costume and snowshoes. There are many other curious things in the postoffice display, which is altogether calculated to give one an increased respect for a 2-cent stamp.

C. T. BAXTER.

AU BOIS DORMANT.

The wood did sleep, and drowsy were the leaves—
All hooded, close and hid.
There was no stir, no sound of vagrant wind
Nor any light, save as perchance the blind
Might see through closed lid.

The sleeping wood had dreams—a dream of Pan
(Oh, fawns and wood nymphs sing!)
A riot dance, a flickering flame of green
And flying lights that wafted the leafy fern.

The wood god still is king.
—E. F. Mosby in Kate Field's Washington.

WORTH WHILE.

I pray thee, Lord, (that when it comes to me
To say if I will follow truth and thee
Or choose instead to win, as better worth
My pains, some doting recompense of earth—
Grant, too, Great Father, from a hard fought
field.

For ever come to see me in my grave,
Home to obscure endurance to be borne
Rather than live my own mean gains in scorn.

Far better fall with thee toward the goal
At one with atom and my own worn soul,
Than ever come to see me in my grave,
When to succeed at last is but to fail.

Mean ends to win and therewith be content—
Save me from that! Direct thou the event
As with thy will. Where'er the prizes go,
Grant me the strength that thy soul may grow.

—Edward S. Martin in Scribner's.

A Son's Epitaph.

The news of the Merimae's arrival in Hampton roads and of her first day's flight before she met the Monitor reached Washington on a Sunday afternoon. The telegram was brief, but explicit. The ironclad was in complete control of the roads. Messengers were hastily dispatched, summoning the chiefs of bureaus to a council at the navy department. One of these messengers, sent in search of Commodore Smith, found that officer on his way home from church, and he knew that the commodore's only son was first lieutenant of the ill-fated Congress.

"I cannot tell the name," there is bad news from Hampton Roads. The Merimae has come down from Norfolk, the Minnesota and Ronoke are disabled, the Cumberland sunk, and the Congress is on fire and her commander killed.

"Survived?" The Congress has hauled down her colors!" repeated the commodore, and as the messenger confirmed his words, "Then my son Joe is dead," said the commodore simply—and that was all.

There have been long, winding epitaphs, many of them, but not every father could be so sure of his son's character as to honor his memory before receiving the news of his death with such a tribute as that. "Joe" was indeed dead, as modest and as brave a man as ever drew sword in a good cause.—New York Tribune.

Men in New York Who Buy Pictures.

"Don't count on the rich men of this city to buy your pictures," said a well known art dealer to an ambitious artist who was talking of bursting upon the New York public. "They won't do it. And to tell you the truth," he went on, "in all New York there are not more than 150 persons who really love pictures, and he told Mr. Ward some of the early California experiences of his which seemed quite as marvelous as did the story of Mr. Isaac, and it was then that Mr. Ward said to him: 'Mr. Keene, if you were not a great speculator, you might become a great novelist.'"

"Yes, it is, but it's the fact, I tell you the men who will buy your pictures if they like them are the salaried men, head clerks, junior partners—men who when they like a thing like it very much and are willing to deny themselves for the sake of owning it."

"As a rule, it is not the married man who will take your picture. I could count on less than all my fingers the men of well known wealth who buy pictures in New York. They will command, but they won't buy. They can afford to go higher, and that means to go abroad."—New York Sun.

The Toad in the Moon.

The red men who inhabit the whole western continent between the Rocky mountains and the Cascade range believe that the spots on Luna's face represent the form of a gigantic toad, and tell the following story to substantiate their queer ideas:

In the long past a little toad, being desperately in love with a toad, went one moonlight night and prayed that the moon might shine brightly on his adventure. His prayer was granted, and by the clear light of the moon he was pursuing the toad and had almost caught her when, as a last chance, she made a desperate spring for the face of the moon (which appeared much nearer than common) and succeeded in reaching that luminary, where she spent until this day in plain view of all the wolves of the world, which nightly howl in their agony whenever they think of how the toad outwitted their ancestor.—St. Louis Republic.

A Surprise.

He knocked at the back door of a suburban house, and the door opened. He was a slender looking fellow, and she held on to the door.

"Lady of the house?" he inquired gently.

"No," trembled the cook.

"Man of the house?"

"No."

"None of the people in?"

"None but me," and she tried to shut the door.

"A w. come off," he growled, setting his foot against it. "Fie! I'll come in, now, or I'll grab you."

She let go the door, and the tramp foraged in and fell into the arms of a big policeman, who was entering the cook contrary to orders.—Tit-Bits.

The Question of Good Eyes.

Native Patagonians, like other savage people, have very keen eyes for certain things—things which their modes of life have made it indispensable that they should notice. In other words, they are special eyes, and as a matter of course they excel in their own particular line. But it does not follow that they have better eyes than are possessed by men of civilized countries.

Set one of them to find a reversed "B" in the middle of a printed page, says Mr. Hudson, and the tows would run down his brown cheeks, and he would give up the search with aching eyeballs. But the proofreader can find the reversed letter in a few moments and never strain his eyes in the least.—Youth's Companion.

How He Collected It.

"If you think you've got such a dead sure thing on that claim against me, why don't you sue me for it?" asked the man with the double chin.

"I could sue you and collect it easily enough, and you know it," replied the man with the bushy eyebrows, "and I would have done it long ago but for the reason that it would have brought your other creditors down on you like a thousand of brick. I don't want to break you."

"I'll pay it this afternoon, every cent," said the other, rubbing his jaw thoughtfully. "But that won't go with the next man that tries to work it on me, by George!"—Chicago Tribune.

They Read by Pictures.

The common people of Russia, as a rule, speak only their own tongue. A large proportion of them cannot read the bewildering characters—Roman, Greek and composite—which form their alphabet, and to help their ignorance the shop walls are covered over with rudely painted pictures of articles for sale within. The butcher's shop has a picture of meats of all sorts and shapes. The tailor's walls are covered with pictures of coats and trousers. The pills of the apothecary and the vegetable of the green grocer are advertised by pictures upon the doors and windows of their stores.—New York Times.

"I asked her which she would prefer to have me do," said the conceited man, "sing to her or talk to her."

"And she said, 'talk,' of course."

"No," she said, "sing!"

"Oh—I say, now—that was an injustice."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, you aren't such a bad conversationalist as all that."—Washington Star.

ONE DOLLAR A WORD.

Famous Men Who Can Easily Get This Some For Writing.

NEW YORK, Aug. 21.—There are a number of men who have no reputation as writers who would be able to command at almost any time higher rates for magazine or newspaper articles than almost any of those literateurs who have gained fame by reason of their writings. Mr. James R. Keene, who is well known as one of the most successful and picturesque of those men who deal in Wall street in New York city, has been many times asked to write over his own signature upon any topic which he chose and to name his own price, which would cheerfully be paid. As Mr. Keene sometimes has found his fortune appreciate as much as 100,000 in a single day, it is easy to see that if he charged for such service in proportion to his earning capacity he would receive an almost fabulous sum for an article from 2,000 to 5,000 words in length.

The only occasion since those early days of his poverty, when he made his living as a newspaper writer, that Mr. Keene overcame his disinclination to write was in the summer of 1877, just after he had held at bay an army of Wall street speculators, having sustained the market single handed for an entire day, backed by gold which his California friends sent to him, and thereby unquestionably prevented such a panic as this city has not seen excepting possibly in 1857 and 1867.

The strain upon his nervous system of thus maintaining the market against the combined assault of frightened investors and speculators was so great that a few days after Mr. Keene was stricken with an illness which threatened to develop into paralysis of the brain. He was removed to Long Branch as soon as it was possible to lift him from his bed, and there, after some difficulty and through the efforts of the San Ward, Mr. Keene consented to dictate an interview for publication. Mr. Ward labored with him for more than two hours before the great operator consented.

At that time Mr. Ward was entertaining his nephew, F. Marion Crawford, and had been so highly pleased with a story which Mr. Crawford told him of an experience in India that he advised the young man to write it out and that he would see that it found a publisher, and that it was the story which made Marion Crawford famous. "Mr. Isaac," came to be written and printed and Crawford's career determined.

Mr. Keene was greatly interested in Mr. Ward's narrative to him of this tale, which had not then been printed, and he told Mr. Ward some of the early California experiences of his which seemed quite as marvelous as did the story of Mr. Isaac, and it was then that Mr. Ward said to him: "Mr. Keene, if you were not a great speculator, you might become a great novelist."

Mr. Keene finally received the representative of one of the New York newspapers. He lay upon his bed, which was in a quiet room of one of the Long Branch hotels. The room was very simply furnished, and it seemed impossible to believe that the man who lay there content apparently with the almost humble surroundings of this 10 by 12 room was able, if he chose, to buy the hotel and a good deal of it in adjacent property without materially affecting his pocketbook.

He began slowly to dictate. It seemed as though he weighed every word. He frequently changed a word in order to put in its place another which would more clearly express his meaning. When a sentence or a paragraph had been written down, Mr. Keene would ask to have it read over, and when this was done he repeated it several times, his patience and care being quite as great as characterized Ruskin or Russell Lowell when they were engaged in prose composition.

Thus for five hours this great financier lay there composing and dictating an article. The mental strain was exhaustive both upon Mr. Ward, who was present, and upon the newspaper reporter. Once during the interview a telegram was brought to Mr. Keene from the hotel office. He opened it, read it and tossed it upon the table with no more concern than though it had announced a most trivial matter to him.

This article appeared the following day in print. It was the sensational publication of the month. It was republished either in whole or in part in a great number of newspapers. It commanded attention not only from financiers, to whom every word uttered by Mr. Keene and since upon financial matters was received with absorbing interest, but it also made a deep impression upon literary men on account of the singular purity of its English and the lucidity and felicity of its style.

The editor of the paper in which the article appeared would gladly have sent Mr. Keene a check for \$2,500 for it, but the great financier did not and would not write for pay. He earned a fortune while he was dictating that article, for the telegram which he received announced that a single appreciation that day in a line of stocks held by Mr. Keene was so great that if he chose to sell his profits would be \$50,000.

Ex-Speaker Reed has only recently been tempted to write, and for his writings he has received a price quite as large as the handsome sum once paid Mr. Gladstone by an American publisher for a magazine article. Governor McKimley was offered \$1,000 for a 1,000 word article; Governor Russell of Massachusetts a sum almost as large, but for a little longer article. Secretary Carlisle, if he could find time to write, could materially increase his income by so doing, and there is not one of the more prominent politicians and financiers who could not more than match the earnings of some of the greatest of the literateurs, provided only they were willing to accept of fees which have been made to them. It is not, however, that the timidity or repugnance which used to prevail among men of affairs about writing for the public prints is very rapidly passing away.

E. J. EDWARDS.

Saw Snake Five Miles Off.

A few days ago Mr. James M. Neal, a Georgia farmer, ascending the town hall tower at Sandersville with a friend to try a new telescope. When Mr. Neal drew a focus on his plantation, which is five miles north of Sandersville, he remarked to his friend, Colonel Fleming, who was satisfied with the telescope. He then shifted it to his pastore. He observed a great commotion among his cows, and upon adjusting the focus to a nicely he noticed that a tremendous rattlesnake was the cause of the trouble. He quickly landed the telescope to Colonel Fleming, descended the iron steps, mounted his horse, and in a short while reached his place, where he found two of his cows lying dead from the effects of the serpent's bite. He found the snake and killed it. It had 14 rattles and a button.

Not to Be Misconstrued.

The sound of the old man lagging a carpet in the back yard nerved the youth in the front parlor to seek to make himself understood.

"Do you?"

With every symptom of anxiety he leaned toward the girl of his choice.

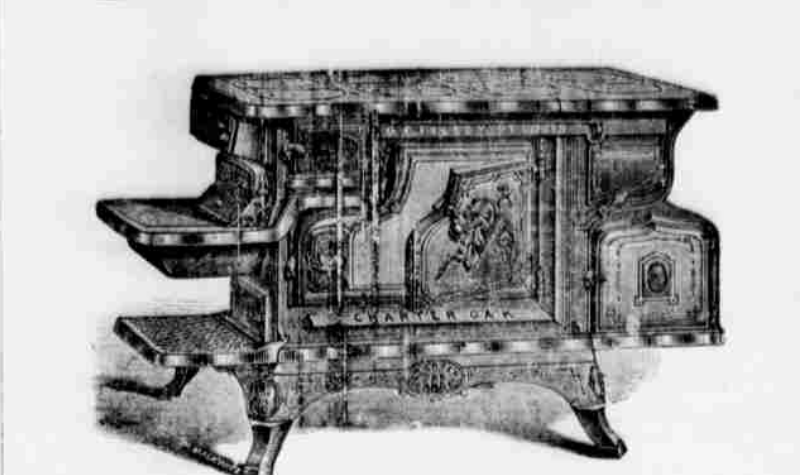
"Look with favor upon my suit!"

A smile disturbed the delicate curves of her lips.

"Yes," she answered, and his being thrilled with the glad tidings, "I do. I may seem to be looking at the northwest corner of the room immediately above your head, but that is owing to the congenital staidness which afflicts me. You will accept this explanation, I trust. Thank you."

In the falling light he printed a kiss upon her brow, and their throats were plighted.—Detroit Tribune.

JOHN NOTT.



Wrought Steel Ranges, Chilled Iron Cooking Stoves.

HOUSEKEEPING GOODS:

AGATE WARE (White, Gray and Nickel-plated), PUMPS, WATER AND SOIL PIPES, WATER CLOSETS AND URINALS, RUBBER HOSE AND LAWN SPRINKLERS, BATH TUBS AND STEEL SINKS, O. S. GUTTERS AND LEADERS, SHEET IRON, COPPER, ZINC AND LEAD, LEAD PIPE AND PIPE FITTINGS.

Plumbing, Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron Work.

DIMOND BLOCK, 95-97 KING STREET.

Just Received by Last Steamer

KID GLOVES IN 8 BUTTON, UNDESSED FANS, DRAIS AND GRAYS

12 BUTTON MOSQUETAIRE EVENING SHADES

20 BUTTON EVENING SHADES

ALSO A CHOICE LINE OF

White and Colored Dimitys, Muslins, Swisses and Percales.

These are the CHOICEST LINE of DRESS MUSLIN we have Ever Shown

WE HAVE ALSO RECEIVED A NICE ASSORTMENT OF

White and Cream Point de Irelande Laces

Suitable for Trimming Wash Dresses,

All Widths, from 3 to 12 inches.

EGAN & GUNN,

FORT STREET, IN BREWER BLOCK.

New Furniture Store

ROBINSON BLOCK.

HOTEL ST., BETWEEN FORT AND NUUANU STREETS

Is now opened for business, and has in stock the finest assortment of

Antique Oak Bed Room Sets,
Chiffoniers, Sideboards,
Extension Tables, Etc.

Also a Fine Assortment of

Reed and Rattan Furniture

UPHOLSTERY.

Fine Spring, Hair, Wool, Moss and Straw Mattresses, Live Goose Feathers and Silk Floss for Pillows. Special attention called to our latest style of WIRE MATTRESSES, the best and cheapest ever brought to this country. Fine Lounge and Sofa Beds at San Francisco prices. Complete Assortment of Baby Carriages, Cribs, Cradles and High Chairs.

CORNICE Poles in Wood or Brass TRIMMINGS.
We make a Specialty of Laying Matting and Interior Decorating.
Furniture and Mattresses repaired by First-Class Workmen.
Cabinet Making in all its Branches.

A TRIAL IS SOLICITED. LOWEST PRICES PREVAIL.

ORDWAY & PORTER,

ROBINSON BLOCK, HOTEL STREET.

BELL TELEPHONE NO. 325. 91-41. MUTUAL TELEPHONE NO. 645

ENTERPRISE PLANING MILL,

PETER HIGH, Proprietor.

OFFICE AND MILL on Alakea and Richards, near Queen St., Honolulu.

MOULDINGS, DOORS, SASH, BLINDS, SCREENS, FRAMES, TURNED AND SAWED WORK, ETC.

Prompt Attention to all Orders.

TELEPHONES: (Bell, 498. (Mutual, 55.

BEAVER SALOON.

Fort Street. - Opposite Wilder & Co.

H. J. NOLTE, Prop'r.

First-Class Lunches served with Tea, Coffee, Soda Water, Ginger Ale or Milk.

Smokers' Requisites a Specialty.

Open from 3 a.m. till 10 p.m.

C. B. COOPER, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

OFFICE, MASONIC TEMPLE.

Corner Hotel and Alakea Streets.

OFFICE HOURS: 10 to 12 a.m., 2 to 4 p.m., 7 to 8 p.m. SUNDAYS: 9:30 to 10:30 a.m.

TELEPHONES: Mutual 254-Office Bell 98. Residence: Mutual 490.

EQUITABLE Life Assurance Society of the United States

OFFERS INSURANCE ON ALL THE POPULAR PLANS, VIZ:

Ordinary Life Plan, Endowment Plan, Semi-Tontine Plan, Free Tontine Plan, Indemnity Bond Plan (Coupon Bond at maturity, if desired), Endowment Bond Plan (5 per cent. guaranteed), Term Insurance, etc., etc. Tontine Instalment Plan (NEW, CHEAP AND ATTRACTIVE), Joint Life Risks, Partnership Insurance, Children's Endowments, Annuities, etc., etc.

It will cost you nothing to call at the office of the undersigned and make further inquiries. Should you conclude to insure, it will be money in your pocket.

BRUCE & A. J. CARTWRIGHT,

Managers for the Hawaiian Islands EQUITABLE Life Assurance Society of U. S.

H. S. TREGLOAN & SON,

HAVE JUST RECEIVED, PER S. S. AUSTRALIA

Full and Complete Assortment of

Woolens, Comprising Worsted, Cassimer, and Tweeds.

BUSINESS SUITS TO ORDER FROM \$30 UP. BUSINESS PANTS TO ORDER FROM \$5 UP.

H. S. TREGLOAN & SON,

CORNER FORT AND HOTEL STS.

H. E. McINTYRE & BRO.,

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

Groceries, Provisions and Feed.

EAST CORNER FORT AND KING STREETS.

New Goods received by every Packet from the Eastern States, and Europe Fresh California Produce by every steamer. All orders faithfully attended to, and goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

Island orders solicited. Satisfaction guaranteed. Telephone No. 92. Post Office Box No. 145.

TAHITI

LEMONADE WORKS CO.,

23 Nuuanu, Honolulu, H. I.

MANUFACTURERS OF

HIGH CLASS BEVERAGES.

Lemonade Soda, Water,

Ginger Ale, Hop Ale,

Sarsaparilla,

Plain Soda,

Sarsaparilla and

Iron Water,

Seltzer Water,

etc., etc., etc.



A Trial Order Solicited

BENSON, SMITH & CO.,

AGENTS.